

Singapore

Luis Ortega

We were supposed to spend the weekend there,
but we did not.

I did go on my own to look for us, though,
dwarfed by the crowds and the perpetual heat.

A Singaporean friend, from the tallest tower,
pointed towards a random street below
and said:

That used to be the waterfront;
now so much sea has been reclaimed
the seaside is two miles away from it.

Singapore, the sea, that's us,
I thought,
impossible to escape your taking over me,
undetected, relentless army of cranes, you
came and ate my body as if I were the Southern sea,
bit by bit,
until a Singaporean weekend was the only prospect
left for me, the only metaphor
that'll keep me going.

I left the city estate that very day,
back to a kingdom with a rep for chaos
and no sea.